

Into the Bazaar

Kate Jeffrey

EXT. THE STREETS OF NEW YORK - EVENING

Noisy. Bustling. The sun sits low, ready to go down.

A DELIVERY BOY on a bike zooms by, his basket full of grocery bags. We follow him as he weaves between cars. HONKS accompany his trip through traffic.

He suddenly veers left, almost hitting an OLD MAN crossing the street.

OLD MAN
Aw, fuck it all!

Our biker might look back... But instead pedals harder.

The chaos of the deep city mellows as he gradually makes his way to the upper echelons of New York. The fancy hood.

FANCY HOOD

The delivery boy arrives outside a brownstone on a quiet block. Leans his bike against the stoop, grabs the bags from the basket and walks up to the door.

He locates the apartment he needs on the building directory, then presses the -- BUZZZZZZZZ. Waits. Nothing. BUZZZZZZZZ. Waits. Still nothing. Again --

INT. FANCY HOOD APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BUZZZZZZ.

A small girl looks up at the noise. She is JANE (14), brown hair, pale and plain.

She sits on a bed with blush, satin sheets and the expected array of teddy bears and decorative pillows. The walls of the room are bare. The decor catalogue.

A glass of untouched CHOCOLATE MILK sits on her bedside table next to a porcelain lamp.

Jane holds a doll in each hand. They are pristine and expensive, with barely a hair out of place.

BUZZZZZZ cuts again through the quiet, carrying us to the --

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Full of fancy antique furniture, giving the whole place a stagnant feel. Everything perfect and unlived in.

ELEANOR (38), lies on a chaise lounge. Wealthy and dying.

Her silk robes splay open, revealing a lace nightgown, and her graying auburn hair is fanned around her head.

She stares up at an ornate chandelier.

An empty container of pills and a pessimistic glass of water sit on a wooden coffee table next to her.

BUZZZZZZZ. Eleanor frowns.

With great effort, she turns her head to look towards the kitchen entrance across the room where --

Jane now stands in the doorway.

ELEANOR
(slurring)
Jane...

JANE
(alarmed)
Mom.

ELEANOR
You're not asleep.
(beat)
How long have you been there?

Jane shrugs. Then quickly crosses to where a phone sits, below a french window.

ELEANOR
Stop.

Jane does. Then looks from her mother to the phone, unsure.

ELEANOR
You didn't... drink your chocolate milk... I made you?

JANE
Sorry.

She moves towards the phone once more, and Eleanor tries to lift her head up.

ELEANOR
No...! It's alright, sweetie. I'm okay. I just wanted... I thought you'd want to sleep, so I... You should go drink it.

An awkward silence. How embarrassing to be walked in on during your suicide. Finally --

ELEANOR
It's almost over.

Jane stares at Eleanor. Then nods. It's a moment of honesty, and Jane appreciates it.

She watches, frozen, as her mother slips away. Eleanor's alert eyes rove her daughter's face once more before closing.

Jane's stoic demeanor lasts only a second longer before crumbling. Her chin quivers and tears pour from her eyes. She crosses to her mother.

BUZZZZZZZZZZ. BUZZZZZZZZZZ. The delivery boy is relentless!

Jane grabs Eleanor's shoulders and shakes her. Then runs over towards the phone and picks up the receiver. Dials.

Her mother's hair and a limp hand loom in the background.

CLICK.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes?

Jane opens her mouth...

But nothing comes out. Her face says PANIC.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

JANE

(whispering)

Dad.

DAD (O.S.)

Jane? Hello?

Jane opens her mouth again...

Only air. She stamps her foot in frustration.

DAD (O.S.)

Hello? For God's sake... Speak up!

FINALLY --

JANE

I -- Can you come home? Mom --

She's cut off by a MURMUR OF VOICES on the other end. Dad MUMBLES a response before speaking to Jane again --

DAD (O.S.)

Sorry, hun. I gotta go. Ask your mother.